The Green Room and Atelier for Pre-

serving Personal Charms.

BREAD AND MILK INSIDE AND OUT.

of Philadelphia.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE,

keep themselves handsome, there are very

few words to the process. They understand

the art of being good to themselves. In the

given to personal cares more than the rest.

I went into a women's meeting in the base-

ment of a city church the other day, out of curiosity, and if the truth has to be told on

the Testament, none of them would ever be

martyred for their beauty, and not one

looked as if she knew the virtue of hot

water and soap for herself. The only right

pretty one was flirting with the minister's

class room outside, by the big heater. To

match those women for homeliness you could

only think of the girls in a theater chorus.

The extremes of female ugliness are found

in the two collections of women. A smart

young man here says he thinks the home-

liest women in America are banded together

under the name of King's Daughters, but I

don't pronounce on the opinion because I

carried coal up three flights for \$2 50 a week, every cent of which she saved to give an

aunt with a drunken husband, while she

short with a drunken husband, while she hearded scrap iron, rags, paper and old short to sell to get a few pence for herself. She never could have paid a dollar fee or bought a badge in the world, but she was gentleness, faithfulness and unselfishness personified, without any organization to

personified, without any organization to make her so. I'm going to get up early some morning and go round on Chestnut street to get a look at that girl while she scrubs the steps. Balzac or Victor Hugo or De Maupassant would find a heroine in that slaved a char-woman. Excuse the digression. One likes something to take the taste of cant and

cosmetics out of one's mouth once in a while.

HOW THE BEAUTIES DO IT.

But how do the sirens of the stage attair

that peculiar melting plumpness, like Kitty Blanchard, Nellie Stevens, Lillian Russell and Georgia Cayvan? You will see them in the restaurants after the play, supping demurely, or meet them full face on the street, where their complexions show charm-

ingly, as young society buds do not always. The linen woman at our hotel, who used to

The linen woman at our hotel, who used to be on the stage, took up the parable as follows: "Stage beauties as a rule have a peculiar training. Few of them have enough to eat when they are children, and they have to work hard till they gain success, and then work hard to keep it. A girl who has never known what it was to have too much to est and who has run events.

much to eat, and who has run errands

after rouge-saucers for actresses or sewing silk and buttons for a dressmaker till

and fixes up a little it seems like paradise to her, comparingly. When the girls begin to try to flesh up a little most of them take to bread and milk, with a little of 'the lesst

of order, with the horrid board they have to put up with, there's nothing brings 'em

right like a dose of oil, anytime of day or night. It carries the cold off in two or

three hours and leaves their heads as clear as a bell. For complexions every one

of them has some device or other private of her own. One takes the skin off of suct and

binds it on her face, another wears surgeons blaster to soften it, but to my notion there's nothing like bread and milk poultice used regularly. More stage beauties owe their complexions to this than you will ever get

em to own. Take the crumb of baker's

bread and steep it in milk and warm it just

as you put it on, with linen cloth over, and you've no idea how fair it leaves the face.

It seems to plump the face, take out the lines

and whiten it just as you whiten a chicken by boiling it in milk and water. Sulphur

and milk or molasses clears the face beauti

THE STAGE PAINTING.

"It's nonsense about the paint and powder worn three or four hours on the stage spoil-

ing the face if it is cared for other ways. If you go to bed and sleep with it on, of course it don't do any good, but actresses, as a rule, now know how to take care of them-

selves better than they used to, better than

any other class of women, really. They wash the face and neck off well in hot water

before making up, and while the skin is warm rub it with cocoa butter or the grease

sold for the purpose, which is almost the same; and powder over that, paint and add the lines with a whole palette of crayons

that come for the purpose, with a big book of plates for making up the face in charac-

ter. Then before you leave the theater this is all washed off, the face well veiled-you'll

see the stage ladies very particular about their veils—and before they go to bed the

face ought to get another wash in hot water. That leaves it fair enough, and the stage

paint don't amount to more than the cold cream ladies sleep in over night."

devoted students of the arts of beauty, for talent is not always accompanied by attrac-

tion. The Delsarte movements and the Dowd gymnastics bring out the muscles bet-

ter than the Ling or Swedish system, of which DuBois Raymond contemptuously

by its trivial dogmatic way.

usual, the schools, which are enthusiastic

A VERY DANGEROUS EXERCISE.

By a singularly illogical process, these

waist are twisted and squirmed about in a way to set the beholders in torture by sym-

pathy, a practice said to obviate all wesk-nesses of the hips, but which would bring

After the exercises comes the bath, which

in a basin of red wine.

Young ladies studping for the stage are

fully and keeps the flesh down too.

never knew a King's Daughter by name. I



FADS OF WASHINGTON WOMEN.

Mrs. Harrison Paints, Mrs. Morten Has Proper Finnkles, Mrs. Blaine Reads, Mrs. Wannmaker Loves Fine Underwear, and Mrs. Justice Fuller Rises Early.

COMMESSOURNES OF THE DISPATCH, WASHINGTON, February 15. ROMINENT WOmen at the capital have their fads as well as other women. Here are some of them, gathered with some care, for although every woman has one, she is loth to confess it. Of knows Mrs. Harrison likes painting,

and she is hardly an amateur. She never chooses anything of the colossal proportions of the artist in the "Vicar of Wakefield. A bit of a marine, a stretch of landscape, a glowing flower or ripened fruit are all in her line, and, if possible, she always chooses subjects she can sketch from nature, as she

has the artist's repugnance to copying.

I have seen her take a rarely colore begonia or oddly shaped orchid from the White House conservatories and spend many an hour trying to get the exact mixture of colors to tone with nature's paint box. Artists have the reputation of being right careless in dress as they work, but Mrs. Harrison never has the wildly disheveled or extravagantly methetic look

of the typical woman artist.

MRS. MORTON'S SERVANTS. There is no better appointed house in Washington than the Vice President's, and it is all because Mrs. Morton makes servants her fad. Such proper flunkies the capital has never before seen. On the box is a staid, pompous individual whom Mr. Morton brought over from London. He is a model already, and every other coachman is trying to copy his studied air of indifference, his pompous handling of the ribbons, and, above all, his pyrame al muttouchop whiskers. He looks at least like a Secretary of State or a Minister from one of the great powers. Even more imposing than the coachman is the butler. Six feet two inches is he, and of proportionate breadth. His trousers narrow toward the feet, and wrinkle engagingly around the ankles. His "westcut" would make Beau Brummel shed tears of envy, for it is of scarlet and black striped satin, and sets without a wrinkle. But his manner! With feet drawn back and toeing a line, he looks down upon a suitor for Mrs. Morton's presence and an-nounces in the same impartial tones: "Mrs. Morton is not receiving to-day," or

"Mrs. Morton will see you." There is no appeal from the butler's court. Clarkson, the wife of the Assistant Post-master General, and the following is her MRS. BLAINE IS WELL READ. fads, too. Mrs. Blaine's is reading. There is no readable book published that does not appear on her desk a few days after the critics have pronounced it worthy of accept-ance. So well is her mind stored that that brilliant man and famous orator, Daniel Dougherty, pronounced her, after talking with her half an hour, the best-read woman he ever met and one of the cleverest. Mrs. Blame takes an interest in everything Gail Hamilton does, and that caustic writer

might almost be termed her fad. For

time Mrs. Blaine was interested in Gail Hamilton's attempt to prove that the hanging of Spencer Fairlax was not justifiable. The wife of the Secretary of the Interior has a fad that would make the ordinary woman's head grow digzy. It is the study of philosophy, with a leaning toward the Hegelian school. Mrs. Noble was noted while in St. Louis for being the hostess of



Mrs. Harrison's Favorite Occupation the Concord school, which Dr. William T. Blarris transplanted from the East. Her

study of metaphysics has given her the keenest wit of any woman at the capital. Mrs. Attorney General Miller confesses that above all things, when she is tired out, she likes a deep chair, and yes, a fairy light novel. Nothing sensational, but just the kind that soothes the brain as sleep would do. Her pet talent, however, is for pastel painting, and she does some dainty work.

Strangest of all fads in this lazy day is Mrs. Chief Justice Fuller's. Listen to it, ndolent people, for it is early rising.
"It is a belief with me," said she, "that a household cannot go wrong where breakfast is served at 8 o'clock."

When she came to Washington last win-ter people warned her that a winter's gayety would play havor with her pet theory, but she tells me that she has never once swerved. Here comes the indulgence of it, Although she rises early, she sometimes allows her daughters to do the prescribed thing for so-ciety girls and sleep till noon.

Her daughter, Meme, when home from Germany, tried to instill German laxity in

the matter in her mother's mind, but no amount of reasoning could introduce into the Fuller family the German custom of drinking coffee in bed. After breakfast Mrs. Fuller goes to mar-

ket, arranges with her cook for the day's menu, sees the four voungest children off to school, and at 11 o'clock things are going so smoothly that she can easily take the time to drive her husband to the Capitol. Another Supreme Court lady has similar views. That is the bride, Mrs. Justice

y. She is one of the best housewives at Capital, and gives a personal supervision to every detail of what were once the chelor quarters of Justice Gray.

MRS. WANAMAKER'S DRESS FAD. Mrs. Wanamaker's fad is her undercloth-ing. She probably has the finest underwear of any woman at the Capital, People

soon find out the wonderful refinement of the Postmaster General's wife, and in no way is it shown more than in her taste for

Every bit of her lingerie is white, has never been touched by the crazes have swept over the country for black or pale yellow or scarlet undergarments. The use of anything but white is almost repel-lent to her, and for years she has purchased the same filmy silk or cambric goods from the same house in Europe. Next to color, machine stitching is unpardonable in her eyes, and everything she wears is made by

Any number of women adopt the fad of hand-sewed underclothes now that they know French women of refinement do it, but Mrs. Wanamaker has always done it, and she has the first lien on the underclothing fad. Every dainty bit she wears is finished by inch-wide Valenciennes lace made by nuns of a Carmelite convent in Southern confess it. Of France. Very little of it is used on each course, everybody garment, as she dislikes over trimming, and the only other finishings are clusters of



Mrs. Morton's Autocratic Butler.

ucks separated by delicately wrought cut or bias stitching. Mrs. Wanamaker is not in any

tentations about her fad, and she does not satisfy her taste because she is a very wealthy woman. It is just her innate refinement, and she said once that no matte what her income she would have dainty things next her skin even if she must needs wear a calico gown. She always buys her underclothing before her dresses, for she cares not at all for outside show.

KEEP UP WITH THE HUSBANDS. I have talked with the cleverest woman in Washington; at least all who have met her give to her the palm. She is Mrs. General

too of what a wamun's fad should be "Fad?" she repeated, when I asked her what hers might be. "Fad—I haven't one, I have a full dozen. But they all mean one thing, and that is that I think a woman should never allow her husband to get ahead of her. Men move around the world and learn everything, while their wives never think of acquiring anything after marriage. The first thing the spouses know is that their husbands have shot away ahead of them, and they never realize that it is their

own fault.
"Now," said she, with a charming air of disdain and defiance, "I mean always to know as much about everything as Mr. Clarkson. It keeps me pretty busy, though," she added thoughtfully. "It seems to me I have always been studying to keep up. Just now I am reading French with Mrs. Harrison and a few others, under the tutelage of a Frenchman. Next week I am going to take up china painting with to be here, and I really must not neglect my history readings and English literature studies, and I shall even go as far, if I see Mr. Clarkson looking at the outside of one of Ibsen's books, as to study everything the Norwegian has written. A woman need not and should not care to keep up with her husband in business, but to keep even she ought to surprise him once in a while with rudition he never dreamed of."

CAROLINE PEPPER. PRIZES FOR CARD PARTIES.

Iwo Pretty Designs That Will Not Full t Please the Winners. [WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

A tally card would be an appropriate prize for progressive card parties. A durable one is made of white celluloid, cut in the form of a "club" on the cards. The center leaf is decorated with hand painting. Each of the other leaves has two slits cut

horizontally in it, through which are inserted narrow colored ribbons

with the digits printed or painted on them Over the ribbon at the left is written 'Points," over the one at the right, "Games." Another good prize is a card bag contain

taining a pack of cards. The bag is made of ribbon wide enough to admit the pack. Fiveeighths of a yard are folded together and edges to within two three inches of top. This is the top. This is turned in and stitched for drawing strings, a wide hem being left on each side of the broad rib bon. Strings of cord or narrow ribbon are inserted, and on the

front of the bag pasted a group of little playing cards. There are small packs sold which

would answer the purpose, but the best are those made of bristol or water color board. the spots being drawn with red and black

A LADY INVENTOR.

How She Became a Member of Serosis and Grew Into Great Favor. Mrs. Henry Dormitzer is the only men

ber of Sorosis mechanically inclined. Admission to that exclusive and delightful circle calls for an expression of brains, and when Mrs. Dormitser made application for membership the usual interrogative 'what have you done?' was put to her. Instead of answering the question the lady withdrew and at the next meeting a messenger appeared with a step-ladder in his arms to which a card was appended bearing the name of the would-be candidate. The ladder was raised to the President's table, saveral of the members tested it, and when little Jennie June ascended the prettily carpeted steps and read from the topmost the name of the inventor and designer the club broke into loud applause and her admission to its membership was made unanimous.

Not long after her election a most distres ing accident occurred in her home in Mad-ison avenue resulting in the serious injury of a faithful servant who, while cleaning one of the parlor windows, lost his hold and fell to the ground. Mrs. Dormitzer nursed him to the ground. Mrs. Dormitzer nursed him through his illness, and while doing so matured plans for a window scaffold which she patented and exhibited at the last industrial fair. It has been adopted by many of the ladies of Sorosis, who compel their husbands to smoke outdoors, and still refuse to allow them to leave home. By the union of two chairs a perfect balcony can be improvised where, under a sheltering canopy, the fair daughters of Sorosis take their summer siestas.

MME. CARNOT'S CHARITY.

summer siestas.

After Each Reception She Makes the Poor Happy With Remnants. New York World. 1

Mme. Carnot, wife of the President of the French Republic, has a method of entertainment which, if imitated with the same assiduity that her fancies in dinner favors and visiting toilets are copied, would make the world of fashion better and the world of migery brighter than it is. Her receptions are numerous, and after each the same number of poor people are invited the following day and entertained with what Mme. la Presidente calls remnants of flow-

ers, food and music.
The following reference to her New Year's party is taken from a Paris journal: "The 400 were there, her guests being children chosen from the poorest of the poor. They arrived in omnibuses, their school teachers accompanying them. In the new festival hall a Punch and Judy show was given, followed by other performances and a dis-tribution of toys, after which the beautiful lady made the children a kind, little speech, in which she said that it was pleasant to begin early to extend to others our enjoyments 'so pleasant that when once we get in the

habit of doing so we cannot leave off.'
"This good social lesson was emphasized
by an array of 400 small baskets, containing each an orange wrapped up in silver paper, chocolate, cake and toy bonbons to be taken home to the absent brothers and sisters. Every child present received an outer garment among its gifts.

"President Carnot was too ill to be present, but sent to each little visitor a savings bank book, tied up with tricolored ribbon and containing a certificate of deposit of 10

HOW TWO GIRLS SAVED MONEY. At the End of Nineteen Years They Have Sixteen Thousand Dollars.

New York World.] Mary Anne and Ellen Frances Dougherty, two Irish girls in the employ of Barbour Bros., thread manufacturers of Paterson, have deposited with that firm \$16,000 every penny of which has been saved from every penny of which has been saved from their earnings. The girls came to this country 19 years ago and found work in the mill, where they have been ever since. The conditions under which this money has been accumulated are remarkable, since they show the hardships imposed by labor and endured by women laborers. Few American girls could have stood the ordeal.

Employed in the wet spinning-room, where the moisture underfoot and the steam heat overhead made it necessary, for comfort and convenience, to dispense with all superfluous clothing, they worked without shoes or less dress from one year's end to the other. In this unsightly garb the expense of clothing was reduced to a minimum, half of the 24 hours being spent in the mill, and, as their living expenses were covered by \$3, the rest of their earnings remained with the mill-owners, who, as an encouragement to thrift and industry, paid them 6 per cent

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

MEN go to burials and women to weddings. THE wisest man I know says that what women most need is pecuniary independence. ELIZABETH THOMPSON BUTLER the English battle painter, is making studies of evic-vious in Ireland with a view to future pictures. JENNY JUNE wants a "people's church," a church that shall be open all the year round, with service every day in the week, "a morning service of praise, a midday song of rejoicing, a vesper hymn of thankfulness." It should be a church where the tired woman with her market backet night drop in any moment to listen to the music and dream of heaven, where the young woman might pray away her perplexities, where even the business man might find brief surcease from struggle and

KNITTED bead trimming for collars and cuffs of gowns is pretty and durable. It is made as follows: Take some purse silk and cast on five stitches, having previously threaded the silk moonlight gray, blue steel, or white chalk beads. Knit the five stitches in plain knitting. with fine steel needles, and at the beginning of every alternate row slip up ten beads before knitting the first stitch, which forms a loop at the top, and, coming one upon another, makes a sort of thick ruche of beads.

MRS, MARGARET C. BISLAND, of New Orleans, is both a writer and a musical composer. She is the mother of the three Bisland sisters who have, at an early age, achieved so enviable a reputation in journalism. Elizabeth Bisland mpleted the voyage around the world in who works on various papers in that city. The third sister of this remarkable tric is in New Orleans with her mother, and is on the staff of the Times-Democrat. Southern girls and wom-en are achieving a success in literature and journalism that is a credit to their pluck and talent.

says; "A mere glance is enough to show that they are a product of that miserable natural philosophy, which for a quarter of a century made a laughing stock of German MORE than 25 years ago a dark-eyed, en-thusiastic young Southern woman, Miss Virginia Penny, became interested in the indus-trial progress of her sex. She investigated not only the trades at which women usually work, but also those generally classed as beover theories of gymnastics, adopt the sys-tem which does the least practical good. It is the easiest, and so commends itself to the pupil, who feels no interest in the exercises, and shirks work as far as possible. longing to men, at which women occasionally engage. She made a modest competency in her investigation. From city to city she trav-elec, visiting shops, factories and workrooms, sometimes getting herself most ungaliantly and unmercifully soubbed, but never becoming unmercifully soubbed, but never becoming discouraged. It was before the days of elevators, and Miss Penny trudged up and down miles of staircases. At last the work was done. A handsome book was made from the results of the lady's labors. It was called "Fire Hundred Occupations for Women," and was widely read. It opened the eyes of the American public to the possibilities in the direction of women's work, and did unlimited good. But the talented author got almost nothing for it. The year 1890 finds her who wrote to such good purpose of the occupations of other women with ne occupation of her own whereby she can get bread, and no roof over her head. Miss Penny's address is 105 Sixth avenue, New York.

Exizabeth Archard Conness. school gymnastics are supplemented in some families by the eccentric movements, de-tailed by a female lecturer, under the socalled advice of a German physician. It is only necessary to mention the "pivot" ex-ercises, in which the muscles below the them on in most cases. Such violent and unnatural methods bring on more displace-ments and distortions than all the house and garden work of which women are

If the Pie Doesn't go Around She Always

Albany Journal,1 "And now, children," remarked Prof. Hailes in one of the public schools the other day, "if a family consisting of father and mother and seven children should have a pie for dinner how much would each one

"Why," remarked the bright boy, "each would get an eighth." "But there are nine persons, you must ra-

"Oh! I know that; but the mother wouldn't get any. There wouldn't be enough to go around."

year are delightful, though a private bath is to be preferred to a public one by a person of the least refinement. People ought to be a great deal more fastidious about baths and conveniences for washing than they are. A woman of spurious refinement will make a furious fuss if some dirty water happens to fall into her bathtub, while she contentedly permits her family and guests to bathe after catarrhal subjects and those afflicted with inflammations internal and external, in a dark, roughened zine tub which never shows whether it is clean or not, and which can hardly be cleaned thor-oughly, as particles of mucous secretions and minute particles of ulceration are held Wine Baths of California and Violet Baths by the roughness of the metal. Only a brightly polished tin tub or a porcelain one can ever be said to be clean. The English-man is safe in earrying his own bathtub, much as he is caricatured for it. The acme SUDORIFIC BEAUTY IN A BATHROOM of bathing is a porcelain tiled room with white ware enamel tub, where the aroma of If you want to know how stage beauties violet essence floats on the vapor of a warm bath. Every sense yields to the subtle re-laxation, the sweat flows softly, the very first place they are very clean, that is the pretty ones are. You won't see a really charming woman in any class who isn't hair takes a silkier and more pliant texture, the delicate perfume soothes the nerves and steals into the brain like an opiate. THE EFFECT OF THE BATH.

Beds of flowers are not to be compared to it, and if one can step from the drying sheet to a warm, airy chamber and lie down in warm linen and light blankets for an hour she has had a rest which goes far to the creating of beauty. The skin has lost its up-per layer of dust and waste particles, soft-ened by steam and washed away by the soapy bath, the blood flows through every delihandsome son, who was usher in the infant | cate branch, depositing new elastic tissue, the skin glows transparent, pearly with the vapor it has absorbed. The eye is dark and liquid with the blood fed to the optic nerve, the muscles, warmed and nourished, are supple, the stomach at rest, its frequent insically. She should step on the stage, social or professional, fresh, brilliant and seduc-tive, her brain full of device and spirit, her heard of one last night, a maid of all work, who scrubbed the front steps and made the fire, tended the furnace and ran errands and swept and cleaned, worked the machine and carried coal up three flights for \$2 50 a week,

DEPEW AT VASSAR

The Lady Who Introduced Him Said Son thing That Amused Him. New York Sun.]

Popular male speakers declare that the hardest audience in the United States to face is the 400 or 500 girls who are attending Vassar College. There isn't a woman's face upturned toward the lonely masculine person addressing them but expresses 10,000 shafts of wit upon his bear- CHOCOLATE THE TEMPERANCE DRINK. ing, gesture, voice, and upon what he says. Yet our own Chauncey, a few days ago, went up to Poughkeepsie and daringly and unflinchingly endured this ordeal.

Mr. Depew was introduced to the Vassar girls by one of their number, a Miss Sanders, a very pretty and bright woman. As she was escorting Mr. Depew
up the aisle of the college hall she was
observed to speak to the orator quietly, whereupon he almost langhed loudly,
and, with his face overspread with merriment, replied to what she had said. There was a good deal of curiosity felt as to this chat, and finally one Vassar girl said to Miss Sanders: "What did you say to Mr. Depew when you were walking up the aisle with him?"

with him?"

"I was wearing my first train," said Miss Sanders, "and Mr. Depew went too fast for me, and so I said to him, "Whoa, whoa, you'll break my train."

"You didn't dare to say 'whoa, whoa,' to such a man as Mr. Depew?"

"I did—why not? And he said he would "slaw no, at once. Being a railway man.

'slow up' at once. Being a railway man, he knew what breaking trains meant."

A LADY OF LETTERS.

as ever is' in it, and they are always taking physic if anything is the matter, they are so afraid of being laid aside. The English girls always take 'beechams,' but Amer-How Miss Sradden Writes and Her Hus band Criticises Her. icans stand by caster oil. If they have a cold on the chest, and their insides are out

New York World. Miss Braddon is one of the few literary women who has not allowed herself to be led by success, and who has no hesitancy about admitting her age. On the contrary she is rather proud of her 53 years and 53 novels, although she is reluctant to talk about her books, dismissing inquiries with the assertion that she "can't tell how they are written."

Four days of the week she writes steadily, forbidding even the postman to disturb her, and the rest of the time is spent in the sadwhere her thinking is done. studies Dickens for style, weaves her plots from suggestions of old newspaper clip-pings, which she has been collecting for the last 30 years, and edits her copy as she

Her husband publishes her books and is pronounced her severest critic. Their acquaintance began, it is said, in a wrangle over the first manuscript she submitted, and the able defense that won his admiration afterwards captured his affection. Notwithstanding the half hundred books that have passed through his hands, this husband-publisher finds new and startling faults in each succeeding volume to criticise. Miss Braddon is fair and rosy in face, with bright auburn hair, blue eyes, angular in build and of very nervous temperament.

NORTHERN REPORMERS IN DIXIR. Maine Philanthropist Whose Arder Cooled

Very Suddenly.

Lorus Doone's Kissimmee Letter. ] The African is satisfied and happy with his power until the disturbing element from the North reminds him of the "equality of rights," but fortunately for the South the African is not ambitious to wield the sceptre. A self-sacrificing, Spartan-spirited reformer from the pine woods of Maine arrived in Kissimmee last season. He came as a philanthropist, with the idea that all Southerners are duelists and all negroes dusky bondsmen. He talked, he dreamed reform, until on a bright Sunday morning, as the hour drew near for church, and his laundry not at home, he ventured to state his grievances to his Southern neighbor.

With a careless, casual manner his Dixie brother assured him that there was no cause for alarm, that this being the day for "big negro meetin" "Old Uncle Tom would wear the lines but that it would all come how. the linen, but that it would all come home shining and glistening by another Sunday. All the pent up wrath of years of martyr-dom seemed to rise up in our Yankee's breast, and with colossal strides he sought Aunt Dinah's cabin and, lo and behold, there was Uncle Tom "looking just like the white folks" in his borrowed attire of snowy

gave up "reform" and persistently believes "the African is an inborn, thieving wretch." POLICEMEN ARE FRAUDS.

linen. For an offense so slight our Yankee

ness of His Experience. New York Herald. Mr. Sorehead-If I live a thousand years shall never have any more to do with policemen; they are frauds.

Mr. Bighead-What's the matter now?

So Says a Used-Up Citizen Out of the Fall-

Mr. Sorehead-Last night I heard burglars at the back door. I went to the front window, and after yelling for five minutes two policemen came. They wanted at first to lock me up as a lunatic. By the time they got into the back vard the burgiar had gone. They said I had fooled them, and they wanted to lock me up on a charge of disorderly conduct. I refused to go, when they changed the charge to resisting an officer, and clubbed me unmercitally. This morning the police justice fined me \$10, and while I was paying I made a worse break yet. The policemen were drunk the night before, and I told the judge "I didn't know they were loaded." Everybody laughed except the judge, and he made it \$10 more for contempt of court. And there you are. Have no dealings with policemen, for the law is all on their side. lock me up as a lunatic. By the time they

After the exercises comes the bath, which improves in laxury and efficacy year by year. A few favored beauties in California know the tonic effect of wine baths, which are administered with some economy by taking a warm water bath first, and when the pores are open, entering a wooden tub containing a cask of red wine, which does duty over and over again. Or, bath towels are soaked in wine and laid on the person after a warm dip, and certainly the wine bath is very refreshing and refining to the skin. Fifteen minutes is the proper time for the application either way. It also whitens and softens the hands to soak them in a basin of red wine. THE PROPER BATH TUB. Where a sedative bath is desired, the violet baths supplied in Philadelphia last

YE COLONIAL TAVERN

It Was the Center of Political Education and Development.

MINISTERS FELT ITS INFLUENCE.

The Genial Hostler and Smiling Tap-Keeper a Power for Good.

LANDLORDS AND THE MAGISTRATES.

IWHITTHN FOR THE DISPATCH. OLONIAL taverns, inns. ordinaries and hostelries were certainly godsends to the crushed spirit of the New England freemen; their advent was hailed

with delight by all classes, except the clergymen; and within the hospitable walls of the typical tavern, say about the year 1660, the natural character of the new generation, those native born, began to develop itself. It is not to be wondered at that the tavern became the most popular of the resorts. It was the shelter for the wayfarer, the comfishimation allayed for the time. A rest and some light food should follow, a cup of coffee, or glass of sherbet, when, if ever, a woman will be at her best mentally and phyif an opinion of any sort, even one against the Church, was uttered, it found voice and indorsement in the reliant tavern. The cheer which it dispensed elevated the hearts of the religion ridden people and saved them from a chronic, routine mode of existence. On Sundays, remote villagers dismounted at the old horse-block, walked to the meeting-house and two hours after took a anug corner in the tavers, where they would dine from the contents of well-filled saddle bags, drink hot cider and beer. Here saddle bags, drink not cleer and beer. Here they denounced the odious Stamp Act and Parliament taxes; politicians and lawyers watched the glowing embers, where the log-gerheads were nesting mugs of flip and ale; punch flowed to epliven the wits of the jolly roysters; merry dances were held in the great hall and the music of the fiddle made the vicinity vibrate with joy unbounded.

> There was no tea drinking in the early days, chocolate being their temperance beverage; they ate their food with their fingers from a napkin, knives, forks and even chairs being a rare luxury. The tavern-

and the chief prosecutor Cotton Mather, to and the chief prosecutor Cotten Matner, to gain a point on the tavernites, investigating as they did certain movements, within the gay walls of the hostelries, which resulted in making the friendly inn a place which the poor gopher toothed old woman care-fully avoided for should she happen to pass the noisy precincts she would be sure of arrest or at least scathing ridicule and

nathemas. The historic writer who is tamiliar with the tavern days of our ancestors, be he ever so biased, cannot but sympathize with the taverners, even though they took a hand in



Unfriendly to the Witches. the execution of the poor creatures who were witch possessed (?). The strong men of the times who formed, with the clergy, popular opinion naturally used the many tongued tavern portal as their rostrum; there they dropped the bomb which should burst among the gossips and implant its venom in the very hearts of the people, so that the feelings of the hour were thus disseminated in the community along with the good cheer and honest intentions of the landlords and his

NO EQUAL NOWADAYS.

But the sunlight which crowned the tres-hold of the tavern far outshone the dark shadows. The memory of the genial-faced hostler and tapkeeper who vended the beer, and who, with a kindly smile upon his face



keeeper or landlord was a power in the frothy streams into the great pewter mug, is was in with the magistrates and still with us. His ever ready hands and helped to make the laws to suit himself. words cheered the belated traveler, soothed The story of Goodwife Coffyn, a landlay of the distressed condition of the suffering note, proves that the tavern keeper had friends in court. It seems that she was prosecuted for selling ale at 3 pence the like is not known to-day; there is no servan the extra duty for the simple "tip." His like is not known to-day; there is no servant quart. The law she was supposed to have vio-lated, required that every licensed Ordi-nary "shall provide good, wholesome beer, four bushels of malt to the hogahead, to be The modern hotel cannot compare with the ancient "hostelrie" for right down hos-pitality. In olden times the landlord knew his guests by name and long associations, his every want was attended to without the

sold at 2 pence the ale quart." The madame was carried to court in great state and with an air of confidence stood up to answer the charges. She easily proved by witnesses that she put six bushels of malt into her hogshead, and reckoned "as four is to two, so is six to three, I'll have better beer than my neighbors, and be paid for it, a fig for the law."
When the town was overrun with hogs,

fences were ordered to be erected not less than four feet high, but the tavern keeper may keep a "double stint of hogs and could build any kind of fence." We can easily understand why these favors were exten to ye landlord, when we note an item in the archives to the effect that the town father's

The Joyous Tap Keeper.

expenses at the tavern for one season "fo

THE MINISTERS OPPOSED THEM.

The potent influence of the tavern was felt by the ministers. They knew full well that the scheme of consciences was an affair of Church, while the exercise of the natural

instincts, even to the use of jolly adjectives, was a blow to their spiritual endeavors; and so it came about that they performed

and so it came about that they performed quiet missionary work among the frequenters of the tavern, and as quietly used the functions of the rendezvous to further their cause. An illustration of this condition of things is well set forth in the instance of the lusty young men who would celebrate Christmas in their own way, which

celebrate Christmas in their own way, which was to gather at the hotel or Ye Friendly Hostelrie, partake of the "liker and larder" and then go out of doors into the snow and play at "pitching bars," "stoolball" or like sport. This merry group were not acting in accord with the laws, and they knew is, but in an innocent way bubbling over with good nature and throwing off the restraints of the "godlie ministry," they took to "gaming and reveiling in ye streets." When the Governor saw these fellows at play, having been notified of the fact by the Elders, he ordered them to work; he being a Puritan, and not recognizing the Christmas holiday. They gave up their outdoor fan unquestionably,

gave up their outdoor fun unquestionably, but later on drank "disgust to the law," ate

THE DELUSION OF WITCHORAFT.

Again the witchcraft delusion opened an prortunity for the Rev. Samuel Parris.

mince pie and sang a merry carol.

asking or bidding, he was the dispenser of charity, the physician, the provident culti-vator of an herb garden, the subscriber to all of the English newspapers, the intimate of foreign commissioners, and the advisor of investors. Day and night were as on with him, his habits were more like those of a philanthropist; but he, too, like his tapkeeper, has gone the way of all the world, and his place cannot be filled. F. T. B.

HILL SIGNED THE BILL. It Had Many Uneless Adjectives in it, bu

They Were Harmless. New York Sun. ] Governor Hill is impatient when a wordy peech is being fired at him, or when he perit contained about three adjectives to every noun. "What's the use of that, and that?" he growled, in a good-natured way, as he put his finger here and there upon the unlucky bill. The chairman of the delegation, a long-bearded countryman, meekly replied each time: "It may not be necessary, Gov-ernor, but it won't do any harm."

The Governor at last found a host of the

adjectives gathered about one oppressed noun, and, looking up at the Chairman, said: "I suppose you'll put the Ten Commandments in the bill next." Did this suggestion disturb the equanimity and lovely meckness of that Chairman? Not in the lesst. Without the quiver of an eyelid he Governor, but they might not be necessary, Governor, but they wouldn't do any harm."

The Governor looked for one instant at the speaker's unruffled face as he made this reply, and then laughed heartily and affixed his signature to the bill.

A Locomotive Demoilshed His Horse, but it Meant Free Passes.

We were within about a mile of Findlay, O., and the train had just begun to slacken speed when we felt a jar and knew that the ocomotive had struck some considerable object. In the next seat ahead was a

farmer, and he threw up the sash, shoved out his head, and exclaimed:
"By gum! but I'm in luck!"
"Why, they have killed a horse!"
shouted a man behind us as he looked out.
"Yes, sud it's my hoss!" added the

farmer.
"But you said you were in luck ?" "You bet I am! I've been riding up and "You bet I am! I've been riding up and down this line for five years on a pass they gave me for killing an old cow which wasn't worth five dollars. The pass expired yesterday, and now my old hoss, who ain't worth skinning, gits in the way and is knocked over. Luck! Why, gents, thas means a free family pass for five years more, and there are 14 of us in the family?"

hiladelphia Record.1

Here is a gentle hint by a Dutch barber to customer: "I get some hair-pine fer you te nex' time you come."
"What for?"
"Vy your hair is gettin' puddy long,
ain't it."

PRETTY IMAGININGS.

Fairles and Elfin Hordes Still People the Cairns of Ireland.

CEREMONY OF HUNGER BANISHING. Bel-Worship Each Year Tips the Hilltops

With Twinkling Pires. MAIDENS BATHE IN MAI-MOBN DEW

TWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR !

The world has stepped forth from the wild dreams and fancies of its youth into the sober cynicism of middle age. The myriads of quaint superstitions handed down from sire to son; the fairles and elfin hordes with which man's imagination peopled every hillside and forest glade, are all but vanished from the earth. Driven from their ancient haunts by the hideous screams of the iron horse, it is only in the secluded country districts of the Old World that they linger still. They dance in the moonlight around the cromlechs of Brittany, they sing their sad songs to the groaning of Norwegian pines.

In Ireland both fairies and folklore seem to have still a long lease of life. The poetic nature of the Gael loves to surround itself with the creatures of fancy, and to invest each day with some curious interest of ita own. On New Year's morning, in cottage and hall, the Irish watch eagerly for the "first footer"—that is to say, the first person who crosses the threshold after midnight. Friends wish each other a "lucky first-footer;" enemies secretly trust that the first-footer will be an unlucky one. This bit of folklore, however, is by no means peculiar to Ireland; it is found in the North of England and also beyond the Cheviota.

But there is one Irish superstition con-

nected with New Year's morning which can be found in no other nation. This is the "hunger banishing," a relie, no doubt, of forgotten famine times. The writer remembers a "hunger banishing" which he witnessed some years ago in an Irish country house. All the family, with some guesta who were staying in the house, descended to the vast, old-fashioned kitchen, where the servants and innumerable "hangers-on" were already assembled. On a table, still green with the emblems of Christmas, were placed about three score mighty loaves baked during New Year's Eve. Every eye was fixed on the clock as the hands drew nearer and nearer to the midnight hour. Just as it was

UPON THE STROKE OF TWELVE, There came forth from the warm, single There came forth from the warm, single nook in the huge fireplace as old fellow, with long white hair and deeply furrowed brow. This was the "seanachie," the oldest of the family's many pensioners. He slowly approached the pile of loaves and selected the largest. T'm he placed himself some ten feet from the massive iron-bound kitchen door, and as the first stroke of 13 resounded through the room began to repeat in quaranter. through the room began to repeat in quaver-ing voice a Gaelie verse, of which the following is a translation:

"By this loaf, from this time till next new year, I banish the hunger to the Turks?" At the last stroke of midnight he raised the loaf in air and dashed it with all his force against the door. The ceremony was then completed, and the remainder of the loaves were distributed among the family hangers-on, heretofore alluded to.

But the two great feasts of superstition in Ireland are St. John's Eve and Halloween. St. John's Eve, called in Gaelic "Beltiune" or Bel's fire, was in pagan times the day on which the whole nation worshiped the sun, under the name of "Bel." Fires were under the name of "Bel." Fires were lighted in honor of this god on every hill throughout the length and breadth of green Erin. Long-robed priests moved solemnly around the flames, singing monotonous chants to the glory of Bel. And in these later days when the old Bel-worship has been dead and buried for ages, the Bel-fires still blaze on Irish hills. The old Christian teachers paymitted this contour to exciting permitted this custom to continu after they had rooted out the religion which gave it birth. Thus it is that the stranger is still surprised, when, strolling out or midsummer's eve along an Irish country road, he sees all the surrounding hills tipped with twinkling points of fire. The mountain peasant kindles his Bel-fire with gorse and pine branches, watching is carefully till

THE NIGHT OF THE FAIRLES.

On Halloween the fairles hold sway, It is very dangerous to wander late on Halloween night, as some band of spirits may whirl one away to their dwellings beneath the raths and cairns. The Phoces, too, shaggy minataur of Gaelic legend, selects through every glen and laneway, breathing pestilently as he passes upon the red haws that hang from the bushes. That is the reason, say the country folk, why the haws are all withered and dead after Halloween. The Phones has the head and neck of a bull but from the shoulders down resembles a man He is an extremely dangerous person to meet with, as he has a fondness for taking unwary folk in his arms, and whirling them over moor and dale to his mountain home, where he crunches their bones and drinks their blood. If the luckless individual thus captured remembers to cross himself the ceives that a legislative enactment is full of useless legal expressions. Lately he found much fault with a bill which was presented to him by a delegation of countrymen, because back, and were subsequently tumbled into very uncomfortable and watery couches. Notwithstanding all these dangers, many

maidens are courageous enough to maidens are courageous arough to steam forth on Halloween night, and bathe their sleeves in running water. The superstition is that, while engaged in this operation, the forms of their future husbands shall appear before them. In Scotland, also, this belief is current; witness Robert Burns in that delightful lyric, "Tam Glen:"

O' last Hallowe'n I was saukin' My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken, When his likeness came up the stream stalkin', An' the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen?' THE GRAY DAWN OF MAY-DAY.

On the morning of the 1st of May the girls bathe their faces and hands in grass wet with dew, believing that this will give them an irresistible attractiveness, which will last as long as the leaves last, and wither with the withering of the leaves. May-day morning is the chosen time for witches and other uncanny mortals. If you wish to gain righes or to reby your neighbor wish to gain righes or to reby your neighbor. witches and other uncanny mortals. If you wish to gain riches or to rob your neighbor of his cows or sheep, you must go out in the gray dawn of May-day, and, with a stick or piece of board, proceed to "skim" the nearest well, saying as you do so: "Come hither to me, the butter of the parish—come hither to me;" or, "Come hither to me, so and-so's gold, come hither to me."
"Skimmine" a well means removing the

"Skimming" a well means removing the coating of green seed which usually covers country springs. It any person should dis-

cover the skimmer while performing these
mystic rites the spell is broken.

The millions of raths, or earthen forts,
and the countless comlechs and cairns scattered throughout Ireland, are the principal
lurking places of inities. It is very hard
to find a reasont courserous enough to dislurking places of fairies. It is very hard to find a peasant courageous enough to dig up one of these raths. A friend of the writer some years ago induced five or six laborers to excavate a cairn or monumental mound on his lauds. He hoped to discover some archeological treasures, and did, in fact, find some in the shape of urns and dint axes, with a really fine gold brooch, now in the National Museum. But the country people prophesied 'U-luck for all those who had any hand i. '2 uproofing of the cairn. The eldest son or this gentleman, very shortly afterward, chanced to break his neck in the hunting field. This was enough to confirm the superstition and the minds of the peasantry. Then the second son was to confirm the superstition and the minds of the pensantry. Then the second son way killed in Zululand, which left it without doubt that the "siths" or fairies were re-venging the violation of their haunts upon the family of the violator.